



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

27. 12.



Tribute of Respect

TO THE MEMORY OF

RT. HON. GEORGE CANNING.

BY

INHABITANTS OF CHESTER.

"The universal Cry. And he will, when shall I
(1) All that is great, and all the goodness that is in
the flower of the earth. * * * * * The
grass withers, the flower fades, but the word of our
God shall stand forever. ISAIAH L. XL. + 3. R. V.

TO BE HAD OF THE AUTHOR,

AT

W. G. & Co., and all Bookellers
in the Kingdom.

AND SIXPENCE.



A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT,

&c. &c.

Entered at Stationer's Hall.

A

Tribute of Respect

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE

RT. HON. GEORGE CANNING,

BY AN

INHABITANT OF CHELTENHAM,

“The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: * * * The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever.” ISAIAH c. XL. v. 6 & 8.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY E. MATTHEWS.

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

1827.

12.



A TRIBUTE, &c.

"THE VOICE SAID CRY," &c.

Hark! at the trumpet's solemn sound,
'Tis shrill, majestic, grand, around—
Our morning star's no more.
His vast expanded soul is fled,
His body mingled with the dead,
And reach'd th' unbounded shore.

The soul of man doth plain declare
That 'tis confined, imprisoned here,
And soars beyond the sky;
It's partner clips its vivid wings,
And binds it down to present things:
The body's born to die.

Our noble CANNING is no more,
 His name has reach'd the distant shore,
 The world's bright star is lost:
 His talents suited well the sphere,
 When seated in the senates chair,
 Amidst the sovereign's host.

Our people's loss there's none can tell,
 The distant nations deep will feel,
 In sorrows rending scene :
 We priz'd him as the man indeed,
 Whom as a nation much we need,
 How short our joys have been.

Such men angelic minds possess,
 We freely do the truth confess,
 Deny it those who will.
 Despising trifles of a day,
 Reject them, spurn them as you may,
 They rise to honor still.

Treat them as foreign plants and rare,
 Expose them not to winter air,
 Their tender frames will quake.
 There are but few that can be seen,
 They are not like our ever-green,
 That winter cannot shake.

Let them alone, they'll do you good,
 They cannot bear detraction's rod,
 Their fabric's tender made,
 They'll study for the public weal,
 Their value none too keenly feel,
 Through deepest plots they wade.

Their minds, gigantic from their birth,
 Are conscious of their country's worth
 They'll honor to it bring;
 Oh! may we have a noble mind,
 To prize the excellence we find,
 'Tis not a trifling thing.

Come view our CANNING from his birth,
 Lo! cast into a kindred earth,
 To be matured there.
 The soils did suit, the plant did thrive,
 Scarce had he passed the age of five,
 His mental pow'rs appear.

Now, mark the fost'ring hand of heaven,
 To the young shrub a shelter's given,
 From chilling blasts around;
 Nothing remarkable appears,
 His own account due witness bears,
 A lesson may be found.

To parents and to children too,
 To give to insects what's their due,
 Avoid the tyrant's ground;
 We find the strongest minds on earth,
 Need pruning from their very birth,
 From errors that surround.

At eight years old his mind was seen,
 With fertile genius soon to beam ;
 A mimick he appear'd.
 Of what was seen and done at school,
 Unlike a sullen crafty soul,
 A sparkling gem was there.

At twelve years old we see him rise,
 His own attainments highly prize,
 And shine in borrow'd rays ;
He stain'd his name by fiction's aid,
 As in his life he plainly said,
 Such actions none can praise.

We follow him to Eton's plains,
 And there his mind a summit gains,
 Above his friends around ;
 This soil well suited to his growth,
 He highly valued its worth.
 His mind a banquet found,

Where'er he was, we see him rise,
 And other's talents highly prize,
 Not like a fetter'd soul
 He triumph'd when another shone,
 Rejoic'd in deeds that they had done,
 Unlike a captious scowl.

Mark him, ye youths that wish to rise,
 And contemplate the foreign skies,
 He's worthy your regards:
 Elastic is the mind of man,
 Extend your powers if you can,
 The labour joy affords.

Prefigure to your present view,
 The first associates he drew,
 To fan the kindled flame.
 View them as diamonds rough in garb,
 Meeting together thus prepar'd,
 Their beauty will be seen.

Not all alike, one shines one way,
 While others diff'rent tastes display,
 All beautiful in place;
 The more expanded any mind,
 The more true charity you'll find,
 Detraction's a disgrace.

View him within "his little world,"
 You'll see his elevated soul,
 Display'd in embryo there;
 Such works tend much t' expand the mind,
 In them a rich repast you'll find,
 The dawn of genius clear.

Their "shadow'd House of Commons" too,
 To give it justly what's its due,
 A trainer of the mind;
 To shine in more exalted sphere,
 The greatest thoughts were formed there,
 That in their lives we find.

To Oxford now he did repair,
 Increas'd that flame which did declare,
 His soul for greatness form'd ;
 Great LIVERPOOL was with him there,
 Their friendship lasting did appear,
 'Till death its pow'r disarm'd

He soon such talents did display
 That pointed to a future day,
 He was for honour born.
 He left that place with ship well fraught,
 To sail into an unknown port,
 His fortune there to earn.

At Lincoln's Inn he first arriv'd,
 And as a member was receiv'd,
 He soon weigh'd anchor there ;
 Through the persuasion of a friend,
 Behold his vessel onward tend,
 Again display its store.

True pilots are essential good,
 To guide us in a dang'rous road;
 The wise their skill will seek;
 While head-strong sailors steer away,
 Where many a rock and quicksand lay,
 Their vessels oft times wreck

His kindred friend the bark beheld,
 And saw with richest freight 'twas fill'd,
 He introduced him where
 His talents well were understood,
 And cherished as a future good,
 When call'd forth to appear.

At length this vessel safe we see,
 In seventeen hundred ninety three,
 In Parliament arriv'd;
 The ship was new, complete in sail,
 Ne'er wreck'd nor shatter'd in a gale
 Small tempest it surviv'd,

Discretion rarely to be seen,
 Where ardent minds with genius beam;
 An instance plain was there:
 The man who governs well himself,
 Whose actions free from pride and pelf,
 The vale around will cheer.

In ninety-four the store forth broke,
 Deep silence reign'd when CANNING spoke;
 A tincture plain was seen
 Of imitating that great man,
 Whose praise has influenc'd his pen;
 His words with greatness beam.

The Slave Trade fir'd his soul indeed,
 As in his speech we plainly read;
 'Twas penn'd in ninety-sev'n;
 I cannot do it Justice, hear,
 Unless I make it plain appear,
 A statement shall be giv'n.

What is the case with slav'ry now,
 Beneath whose galling chains they bow,
 Is torture done away?
 When first that demon did appear,
 Injustice, oppression, violence, fear,
 Stalk'd forth in open day.

Were these the wounds that Afric felt,
 Then small would be the trader's guilt,
 Compar'd to what we see;
 The tyrant's stripes are fresh and green,
 As plain beneath the whips are seen,
 They cannot from it flee.

Where the oppressor and opprest,
 So reconcil'd and were at rest,
 No enmity remain'd;
 The case would differ wide from this,
 When every torture man can wish,
 The harmless slave doth gain.

Or is it reason, common sense,
 To claim a prescript and dispense
 With Justice, Truth, and Love;
 Not to the fruit of ancient crime,
 Committed with the blackest stain,
 Its consequences prove.

But stalking forth from day to day,
 With violence rob'd in vile array,
 Each morn renew the deed;
 With cruelties they do repeat,
 Which none but man could e'er create,
 Substantive crimes in blood.

His love on Angels wings had fled,
 And saw the negro bleeding, dead,
 As plain his Speech hath told.
 He soar'd above the sordid mind,
 That would in trammels others bind,
 The Truth's unfetter'd, bold.

Oh! may such sentiments be found
 Throughout creation's utmost bound,
 The helpless cause to plead;
 The source of heav'nly bliss reward,
 Those that the needy poor regard,
 His seal has stamp't the deed.

His fertile mind the Muses' aid implores,
 And from their treasures drew his ample stores,
 A finish'd man was he;
 'Twas by their oil his fire was kept alive,
 And by his deeds he'll still survive
 Till time from bands set free.*

* An elegant compliment is paid to his poetical talents, in a poem called "The Times:"

"For thee, too-many gifted man! the Muse
 Dipp'd the rich chaplet in Castalian dews,
 And gave thine infant eyes the forms that roll
 In gorgeous pageant o'er the poet's soul;
 Forms of the mind's idolatry, that leave
 Their track of glory on the cloud of eve;
 Such forms as pour'd on Ariosto's eye
 The antique pomp of love and chivalry."

I now am call'd to shew a darken'd scene,
 Where not a spark of light did beam,
 The duel CANNING fought;
 The blackest deed amidst our race,
 Involving countries in disgrace,
 Beyond the stretch of thought;

More fit for midnight pagan age,
 In such a conflict to engage.
 That risks the life of man;
 The greatest treasure men possess,
 The most important 'tis confess'd,
 Confin'd to life's short span.

It is a point of honor now,
 At Moloch's shrine to blindly bow:
 Such honor comes from hell;
 Our GEORGE the Third does witness bear,
 Against such human slaughter here,
 His mem'ry's honor'd still.

Is there no way the rich can find,
 With lib'ral and exalted mind,
 To settle points below?
 Is there no ancient records left
 By men as great must be confest,
 A perfect patterns show?

Remember Christ, the living God,
 The globe was His on which he stood,
 What insults he endur'd;
 His murd'ers did engage his pray'r,
 The greatest honor center'd there,
 The seraphs him adore.

High minds that soar without a guide
 Are sure to lead frail man aside,
 In an unguarded hour;
 The body's weak, the spirits strong,
 The spirits tempted, forc'd along
 By Satan's crafty pow'r.

All glory to preventing grace,
 For saving CANNING in that place,
 From falling on that day ;
 The treasure that he risked there,
 No human tongue can e'er declare ;
 The sun has spots they say.

Her mantle charity will cast,
 O'er all the spots ; time's moving fast,
 While fellow man's in view :
 In vilest dust the Serpent creep,
 And ne'er were known o'er man to weep,
 Such food alone is due.

Prefigure to your mind a man,
 Who's gathering all the ills he can,
 To let the public know ;
 His own apartment strives to close,
 The hideous reptile's not expos'd,
 All men aversion show.

In varied scenes our CANNING shone,
 His greatest foes, his firmness won,
 Aloud his wisdom praise;
 His independent mind declares
 That naught on earth created fears;
 Fair truth his actions raise.

He like the oak his progress made,
 Deep rooted as the author said,
 His boughs a shelter were
 To all who underneath it come,
 The helpless there have found a home;
 His fame's spread far and near.

The glory of the British isle,
 His fame's conspicuous on the file
 Of nations all around;
 Mid Afric tribes, with their own hands,
 I fancy a huge temple stands,
 To hang his laurels round.

In every nation would I see
 A trophy of thy victory
 O'er the contracted mind ;
 Ascribing Glory to thy Friend,
 Whose love unbounded knows no end,
 Where'er a man we find.

In every town of Britain too,
 I hope they'll give him what's his due,
 A monument will rear ?
 In gratitude to lib'ral mind,]
 Which universally you'll find,
 The distant isles did cheer.

Our sov'reign's wisdom brilliant beam,
 When CANNING next his throne was seen,
 The nation's voice was heard ;
 A sovereign mind he did proclaim,
 Deep rooted love this action gain,
 Full confidence afford.

With gifts prepar'd he took the chair,
 Its great importance plain appear
 To his well tutor'd mind;
 The same exalted man was seen,
 Unbent by gold, this evergreen
 Inrob'd this gem we find.

Like brilliant star, encircled round
 With varied gifts the state abound,
 All beautiful in form;
 Some verg'd away and did retire,
 Not pleas'd to see him rising higher,
 And sounded an alarm,

Lest Catholics should have their claim,
 And persecution once more stain
 Our British land with blood;
 Was that the best way to oppose,
 To leave the senate unto those
 That courted such a rod?

I blame them not to stand sincere,
 Avoid the error they might fear,
 Decision shows the man;
 Their vacant seats were soon supplied,
 Acknowledg'd him that did preside,
 Extensive powers to scan.

His race was short, yet firm and free
 From avarice, pride, and bigotry,
 Three tyrants in this world;
 The general good was his delight,
 Extensive, not contracted sight,
 His actions did unfold.

A heav'sly hand his mind prepar'd,
 His actions has aloud declar'd
 Good-will to all mankind;
 With peace on earth and plenty too,
 'Tis giving CANNING what's his due,
 A leading trait you'll find.

Admire the acts our Sovereign done
Since CANNING has been near the throne
 In scattering blessings round ;
The thousands given to the poor,
His praise will sound from shore ;
 Where e'er the deed resound.

May heaven's best gifts encircle round
Long may he reign on England's ground,
 With such a sovereign mind ;
And when from earth he's called to go,
Death is a friend, ne'er known a foe ;
 To those who wisdom find.

Great CANNING in his private life
To parent, children, friend, and wife,
 An honor shed around ;
Those silken cords that bound them near,
Were far too strong for them to bear,
 When dissolution found.

O! may some guardian angel fly
 And wipe the tear from off their eye,
 Direct them to that Son,
 That lived a life of trial here,
 And o'er frail nature shed a tear,
 This matchless deed he done.

We bow submissive to his will,
 That all the angels breasts do fill,
 With pleasure and delight ;
 We would not guide his sovereign sway,
 Which bounds our night and guards our day,
 All's open to his sight.

We look from **CANNING** unto Him
 Who died to save his church from sin,
 He never will be dead ;
 His glorious gospel in this land
 Is shelter'd, honor'd, and does stand,
 Pre-eminently head.

We send it to the distant shore,
 And pay a debt we ow'd before,
 The gospel was sent here ;
 May GOD'S own word be scatter'd round,
 Where e'er a human being's found,
 'Twill flourish none need fear.

GEORGE CANNING with his dying breath
 Freely around his faith confess'd,
 In Jesus, Lord of Lords;
 And whosoever thus believes,
 Eternal life from God receives,
 This truth his word records.

We view him crown'd in glory now,
 No more to earthly sceptres bow,
 How great his joy must be
 That he has left this trifling globe,
 And all the trials on the road,
 Through him who set him free.

Ascribing the glory of that crown,
 While heav'n with praises does resound,
 To him who died for thee ;
 Freed from thy fetters here below,
 Thy disembodied spirit flew,
 From every foe set free.

O ! what is life and all things here,
 They are not worth a single care,
 Compar'd to heavenly
 Uncertainty in all things seen,
 'Tis but of life a single beam,
 Confined should be our wish.

Of earthly grandeur's glittering beam,
 A weight in honor's clearly seen
 That bears the body down ;
 'Tis heavenly joys that suite the mind,
 Our soul congenial's scope will find,
 All glory will surround.

FINIS.











